THE HALF-CROWN TEA, Best in the City. {J. B. MART.} 110, Borough Buildings, London-rd. Prove it by buying half-a-pound on trial.

Vol. II.—No. 41. MANCHESTER, Saturday, May 22nd. Price One Penny.

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TAILOR,
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58, LOWER KING STREET,
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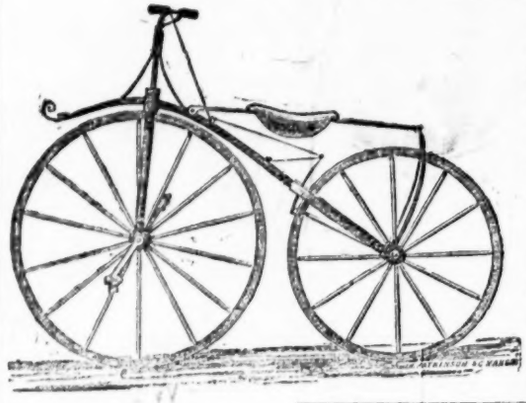
FREE TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER.



THE NATIONAL VELOX COMPANY beg to announce that they have **OPENED** the immense basement of the **FREE TRADE HALL,** for the **SALE** and **HIRE** of their Patent Two-wheeled VELOCIPEDE, the "VELOX," which is cheaper, and in many respects better than those of other makers. Purchasers of the "VELOX" are allowed the free use for practice, until perfect, of the Great Hall (nearly a quarter of an acre in extent), and the National Velox Company will also HIRE Velocipedes, by the hour, to the general public, at a small charge. Gentlemen who have bought other makers' Velocipedes, and require practice, will do well to avail themselves of this opportunity, as they will have a perfectly level floor, great space, allowing the highest possible speed to be attained, and seclusion.

In order to keep the attendance select, the **NATIONAL VELOX COMPANY** charge Sixpence for admission, which is returnable to those hiring Velocipedes.

A VELOCIPEDE RACE & TOURNAMENT will be held on SATURDAY AFTERNOON NEXT, to commence at 2-30. Particulars and entry on application.

Lancashire & Yorkshire Railway.

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BY ORDINARY TRAINS.

ON and AFTER MAY 14th, 1869, RETURN TICKETS, by Ordinary Trains, First and Second Class, available for One Calendar Month, WILL BE ISSUED from all the principal Stations upon this Company's Railway, to

FLEETWOOD, LYTHAM, BLACKPOOL, SOUTHPORT.

Third Class Return Tickets, available by Third Class Trains for Fourteen Days, are also issued to Southport, Blackpool, Lytham, and Fleetwood.

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Portrush (for Giant's Causeway), Lake Erne, Londonderry, Belfast, and the North of Ireland (via Fleetwood), the only direct route.

Picnic and Pleasure Parties at one Single Fare for the Double Journey.

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Every Saturday, price One Penny.

THE SPHINX,

A Journal of Humour and Criticism. Art, Music, the Drama, Literature, Society, and Current Events.

The *Sphinx* is published every Friday at noon. The earlier numbers (1 to 32) are out of print. Copies of Nos. 33 to 40 may be had on application to the publishers and printers, Messrs. J. G. KERSHAW & Co., *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford Street.

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS during APRIL and MAY.

THE CLUBS OF MANCHESTER:—

1. The Conservative.
2. The Union.
3. The Albert.

HOLIDAY NOTES:—

1. Wastdale and Christopher North.
2. The Ascent of the Glyder (North Wales).
3. A Walk to Rostherne.

REMINISCENCES OF THE MANCHESTER STAGE:—

6. Actors and Managers.
7. Jim Browne; Marie Wilton.
8. The Leclercqs and the Paynes.

CHURCHES AND PREACHERS:—

The Rev. W. A. O'Connor.
Sunday Evening with the Secularists.
A Morning with the Unitarians (Rev. W. Herford).
A Morning with the Swedenborgians (Rev. J. Hyde).
Taking Holy Orders under Bishop Lee.
A Children's Chapel.

THE DRAMA:—

After Dark at the Royal.
The Amateur Actors at the Athenæum.
The *King o' Scots* at the Prince's.
Miss Bateman.
Mr. Bandmann as Hamlet.
Mr. Phelps.

DESCRIPTIVE AND MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS:—

On the Rialto: The Preston Strike.
Crossing Swords with H.M.'s Inniskillings.
The American Snob.
Widows.
Umbrellas.
A Study of Tennyson.
A Seance with the Spiritualists.
Good Friday on the Bowdon Line.
The Blind Asylum Chapel.
Young Lady Friendships.
Premiers and Pugilists.
The Silver Teapots.
A Startling Coincidence.
A Bicycle Race at the Free Trade Hall.
Bad Language.
Miss Lydia Becker and Mrs. Cassidy.
Whit-week and the Sunday Schools.
Blackballs and Bankers.
Lancashire Worthies: I. John Byrom.
Gymnastics Again: Another Death.
Lords and Commons.
May-Day at Knutsford.
The Cumbrian and Westmoreland Wrestlers.
A Book of Confessions.

RHYMES, SONGS, AND BALLADS:—

The Lay of the Law Student.
In an Attic.
The Man Himself (Sensation Music Hall Song).
The Hurt Gold-digger.
St. Patrick's Day.
The Happy Days of Childhood.
The Bank Clerk to his Bicycle.
Sir Wright and the Bey; By our Bab Balladist.
Der Boet's Barty (after Hans Breitman).

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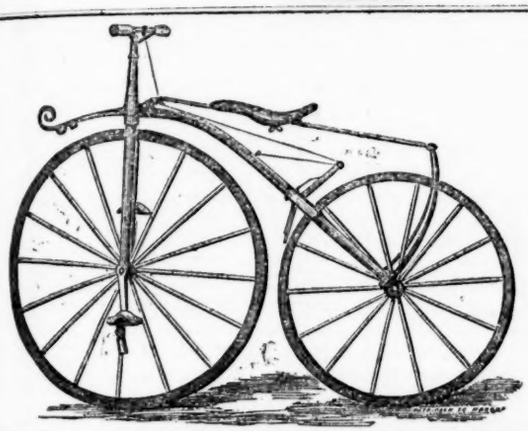

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French & American Two-Wheelers,
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TWO SPACIOUS ROOMS FOR PRACTICE.

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PATENTEES OF
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Deformity Instruments, Artificial Limbs, Elastic Stockings, and other Invalid Appliances.
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These are from the most celebrated Makers.

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10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
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5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 10½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
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20 Pieces ditto .. .. 1s. 11d. to 3s.
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THE OWENS COLLEGE ATHLETIC SPORTS.

NOT the least serious drawback about the present Owens College is the very imperfect opportunities afforded for any form of muscular training. True, the college boasts a gymnasium. But even in its original, uncurtailed state, it was small and imperfect, giving an impression of neglect and decay. That it was seldom used in the ordinary course of things, except by the very newest of new students, and very early in the session, can scarcely be a matter of surprise. And even its limited ground has, within the last few sessions, been considerably encroached upon by the erection of new buildings. Considering these facts, it is something on which the students may be congratutated, that opportunities such as were afforded by the athletic sports of last week of judging what can be done by Owens College in that department of education should be given. This annual Athletic Festival is really the only occasion when the public—or at least such of the public as are allowed to take a personal interest in the matter by the somewhat exclusive regulations as to admission—can learn anything about Owens College from this physical stand-point. There is, indeed, and has been at intervals, for many sessions, an apology for a cricketing team. But the less said about the Owens College Eleven, the better for its reputation. The cricketers having no ground of their own, are reduced to helpless dependence on the charity of other clubs. Their chief idea (possibly the responsibility of this rests with the opposing clubs) seems to be to find as inferior an eleven as can be discovered amongst the possibly respectable clubs of the neighbourhood. It seldom happens that all the eleven put in an appearance, perhaps because the taste of victory is almost unknown to them. No combination of ill luck and bad play on the part of their opponents seems to be powerful enough to allow them to win.

The Boat Races and Athletic Sports have existed for some six or seven years. The original idea was to establish an annual boat-race between the laboratory and the rest of the college, but the programme has varied considerably, and for the last two years has not included such a contest. We shall not attempt a minute description of the races and other competitions decided last Thursday. Such particulars have been recorded in the newspapers. Throwing the cricket-ball headed the programme, a bicycle-race ended it. Between the two were flat and hurdle-races, jumping, pole-leaping, putting the shot, and, finally, boat-races. It would certainly not be honest to state that any one of these brought out extraordinary performers, or was anything more than passably good. The newspapers showed commendable prudence in observing reticence as to the time in which the various foot-races were run. Compared with the racing at some meetings of a similar character, it is probable that the speed was by no means the fastest. Most of the races, too, appeared to be at the mercy of one student, Mr. Latham, who apparently won nearly, if not quite, as he pleased. But whether the running was fast or slow, it is certain that some of the runners came from the winning-post with faces of a ghastly whiteness, which must have sent a nervous tremor to the breasts of lady relatives and friends. The sympathetic shudder which passed round the ring when the greatest heights of the pole-leaping were reached must have been construed into a highly flattering tribute either to the good looks or the prowess of the winner. In the future, no meeting for athletic purposes will, it is to be presumed, be complete without bicycle-races. On this occasion, they were found very attractive, though they brought about the only accident (fortunately, a very trivial one) which occurred during the afternoon. It was rather remarkable that both the quick and the slow race were won by the same competitor. There were two boat-races on the programme, a four-oar and a pair-oar race. It was a singularly unfortunate fact, that these, which should have been the most exciting events of the afternoon, were utterly tame and uninteresting. Very loud and very justifiable was the grumbling, on that score, on the part of the numerous young ladies present. The four-oar race was won in the hollowest manner possible, notwithstanding some remarkable steering by the coxswain of the winning crew, whilst the pair-oar race developed into a "walk over," if that be a possible feat for a boat on the Irwell to perpetrate. The pair who took the prizes went through the water very steadily, and with great speed.

Two circumstances in connection with the Owens College Sports have struck us as being worthy of note. First, the relative unpopularity and want of success of those forms of exercise which imply, and really compel, hard work. Training for a boat-race, if honestly carried out, is no child's play. It necessitates, during six or seven weeks' training, steady perseverance, and constant hard work, which is rarely got through without considerable sacrifice of personal comfort, and contempt for physical pain. Now, boat-racing is just that form of exercise whose existence is most precarious and uncertain at Owens College. At times it is omitted altogether from the programme, notwithstanding the undoubted fact that the original intention of those who commenced these meetings was that such racing should always be the most prominent feature of the meeting. The second noticeable fact is the limited area from which the competitors appear to be drawn. The same names occur over and over again on the card, and the same competitors met many times during the afternoon. For fifteen or sixteen events, there were not down more than thirty-three or thirty-four individual names. Some means ought to be taken to widen the basis of these sports. It cannot fail to grow tiresome to watch the same three or four men contest with each other a dozen times in the course of three or four hours. At the same time, it is only right to say that in this particular, as in others, the last meeting was the most successful that has yet been held. So that it is not unreasonable to express an opinion that, from a physical point of view, Owens College has not yet seen its best day.

LANCASHIRE WORTHIES.

JOHN BYROM.

[SECOND AND CONCLUDING ARTICLE.]

HIS college-degree taken, Byrom had to choose a profession. Either the Church or the Bar would have been the natural career for him, but it seems as if by this time he had gone pretty deep into Jacobitism, and therefore, perhaps, it was that, for a time, he inclined to Physic as the profession in which advance could be made with least dependance on the powers that were. At any rate, in 1717, he crossed the Channel (the peace and the Treaty of Utrecht having re-opened France to English visitors), and resided for a year or so at Montpelier, where he attended medical classes. The editor of his journal surmises that politics had something to do with this French visit, over which a certain mystery hangs. The Jacobite rising of 1715 had been quelled, but there was a good deal of plotting in France, and elsewhere on the continent, to foment another Stuart insurrection in Britain, and Byrom, as a young and ardent Jacobite, may have been mixed up in it. In another year, however, he was back in London, without any definite prospect, and would have been glad to accept the librarianship of the Chetham Library, then vacant; not, however, for its emoluments alone, but from that love, which never forsook him, of his native town. "I should be very willing," he writes from London, in 1718, "to have the library. . . . It would be better worth while than staying for a doubtful fellowship, where profit will be slow a coming: besides, 'tis in Manchester, which place I love entirely." There was a person, as well as a place to love in Byrom's case, for he had been smitten by a fair cousin, a daughter of his father's brother, who was also in the Manchester trade. The cruel uncle seems to have objected to the match, apparently because the wooer was without profession or prospects, and possibly, too, because he looked upon him as eccentric and impracticable, for, during his residence in France, Byrom had engrafted mysticism of the Fenélon school on a Jacobitism which was in itself dangerous to

his progress in life. The young lady's papa at last gave his consent, though probably not his approval, and in 1721 the young couple were married.

There is a tradition that Byrom, at or about this time, practised medicine in Manchester, which would account for his customary designation of Dr. Byrom. But if so, he made nothing of it, and in this emergency it doubtless was that he bethought him of the new system of short-hand which he had elaborated, and of making a livelihood by teaching it. The project may appear to have been unpromising to those who think of short-hand only as it is chiefly practised now, by parliamentary, legal, and general reporters for the newspapers. The newspapers of those days were not allowed to publish the proceedings of parliament; and their reports altogether were of the meagrest description, little needing or rewarding the industry of the stenographer. But then, again, short-hand was much more than now practised by the higher and the educated classes. In a time of disputed succession, vigilant governmental supervision of the individual, and frequent domiciliary seizures of papers by the authorities, short-hand seems to have served as a kind of private cypher. With books, too, both clear and voluminous, and with the prevailing diligence of students and enquirers in heaping up MSS. collections *de omni scibili*, short-hand facilitated and abbreviated the labour of perpetual transcription. Last, not least, to keep a diary was a general practice, and the use of short-hand for that purpose of course baffled the impertinent curiosity of any into whose hands one's daily jottings of sayings and doings, thoughts and feelings, might happen to fall. In the preceding generation, Mr. Pepys had written in short-hand his famous diary, which lay in the library of Magdalen College undeciphered almost until our own days. In these days, if a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, were to begin life as a teacher of short-hand, his pupils would be chiefly among "gentlemen of the press;" it was to the upper and cultivated classes that Byrom looked for his pupils, and found them. His system, though now exploded, or superseded, is said to be the parent of all now in vogue. It certainly was phonetic, and the principles on which it was based almost claimed for it the dignity of a science. In this way, it procured Byrom the honour of admission into the Royal Society, and enabled him to rank among his pupils Lord Chesterfield, the Duke of Devonshire, Horace Walpole, Bishop Hoadley, Hartley the metaphysician, Lord Camden, and others, a list of whose names would excite the wondering envy of the professors of stenography in our day.

It was in London, of course, that Byrom mainly sought a market for lessons in an art and mystery for which there could have been little demand in the Manchester of his day. His home and his heart, however, were in his native town, where his wife and children remained, while he was doing business (in combination with harmless pleasure) in London, some months of every year, during a considerable portion of his life. It is of almost daily records of these visits to London (with occasional trips to Cambridge and his *alma mater*) that the most interesting sections of his journal consist; the jottings of his home life in Manchester being very meagre and inconsiderable. He takes horse from Manchester, say at noon on the Monday, "lies" at Lichfield on the Tuesday, and, jogging on by Oswestry, Daventry, Towcester, Stoney Stratford, Barnet, and Highgate, does not hear the hum and see the lights of what was, even then, the great city, until the night of Friday, consuming almost as many days in the journey as hours are now required to perform it by rail, express. Arrived in London, he seeks out old friends, collegiate, Lancashire and Cheshire, clerical and legal. He gives lessons to old pupils, and beats up for new. Much of the day and evening is spent in coffee-houses, each with its type of visitors almost as strongly marked as that of the members of a London club to-day. Eminent men emerge, as we turn over his journal—many of them forgotten now, surviving only in that huge omnium-gatherum of miscellaneous information, Nichol's *Literary Anecdotes and Illustrations of the Eighteenth Century*. Byrom's jottings were meant for himself, not for publication, and were mostly confided to his own short-hand, where they lay buried until a few years ago. They have not the fulness or the raciness of Pepys, nor have they the strange charm which springs from the very folly and vanity of that wonderful ass—as if we were reading the private thoughts of Justice Shallow, transported into the reign of Charles II., and made an Admiralty official. Interesting traits of notabilities of the intellectual society of the period occur in Byrom's journal, and will long make it consulted, if not read.

With his powers, accomplishments, connections, and sociality, Byrom must have been much tempted to take up his residence in London, but if he felt the temptation, he resisted it successfully, and always returned to "Mrs. Byrom, near the Old Church, Manchester." She seems to have preferred her native town to London, and where she was, Byrom's heart was. Wherever he goes, he never forgets her, or to write to her, and if he has not celebrated this Phœbe in verse, his prose letters overflow with genuine tenderness for her:—"And this, you see, is how I go on," he writes, after one of his circumstantial descriptions of his busy and occupied life in London, "dull enough for me to be obliged to such an absence, but so it must be. I would give twopence halfpenny for a moment's talk with thee and my little wench. I am pretty well tired with walking up and down these long streets. Prithee, good girl, write to me as often as thou can'st afford; I have stepped into Richard's coffee-house to write this. . . . My dear, it is near ten, and I must get a mouthful of supper, would it were with thee; farewell, my dear. . . Farewell, sweet-heart. Your constant admirer and lover, J. B." Again, when perhaps some friends had been urging him to settle in London and teach short-hand all the year round instead of by fits and starts, the good husband writes to his spouse: "I should have many scholars if I were to open shop, but my heart is at Manchester while thou and thine are there;" and to Mrs. B., personally, Manchester was all the world.

Thus for years and years, between Manchester, London, and Cambridge, Byrom's life flowed on; his greatest adventure an attack on the road to Cambridge, near Epping, by a highwayman, "in a red rag upon a high horse, who came out of the bushes, and, presenting a pistol first at the coachman, and then at the corporation within, with a volley of oaths demanded our money," and got it—an incident which Byrom has pleasantly versified in a poetical epistle to Martin Foulkes. Now and then, there is a little political excitement, as when Byrom has his usual business in London complicated by a commission to oppose in parliament the progress of such a measure as the Manchester Workhouse Bill, one which, with all respect to the worthy man, seems to have been really a good measure, and to have been opposed tooth and nail by his friends and himself, simply because its success would have thrown power into the hands of the Whigs. In the course of the proceedings of a select committee on this bill, Byrom tried to take notes, in his beloved short-hand, of what was going on, but was called to order by a "Scotch knight." Orator Henley, the fashionable preaching-quack of the time, still remembered by Pope's mention of him and his "gilt tub," took another mode of thwarting Byrom's reporting zeal,—thus described by himself: "As to Henley's turning me out, I went there one Wednesday night with Mr. Dasy, senior, and took out my pen and wrote. His manager came to me and told me the Rector, as he called him, did not allow of writing. We had a long squabble; sometimes I wrote, sometimes I gave over, for Mr. Orator went on so much faster than usual that he took the only way to stop me. The man at last brought me my shilling, and desired me to walk off. I told him I should go when I thought fit. I was here to write, and I shall as long as the Doctor preaches. 'Sir, he may have his discourse printed upon him.' 'Not by me, sir, I give you my word.'" Here is a curious jotting on another Manchester bill, the origin of which is left uncertain, the date being 23 March, 1736, when Byrom writes to his wife, "Well, your Manchester Cotton Bill is past the Lords. I am glad on't heartily, not only upon my countrymen's account, but for the respect which I bear to the vegetable nation." Byrom, for his stomach's sake, indulged in occasional fits of vegetarianism. "Is there not some men's ware of it proper for me, for I have bought none yet"—so little progress had then been made in the manufacture and use of "domestics!" But the great episodes of Byrom's uneventful life, greater, even, than his meetings and conversations with Hartley, Warburton, Bishop Butler, or Bentley himself, were his occasional interviews with the master-mystic of the England of his time—William Law. Law, whose *Serious Call* first stirred with religious impressions the careless mind of young Samuel Johnson, was tutor to the father of Gibbon the historian, who has given of him (in the autobiography) one of those stately characters which made Thackeray say that to be thus mentioned by Gibbon was like having your name inscribed on the dome of St. Peter's. There are various interesting little notices of communings with Law in the green fields at Putney, and in the house there, which Gibbon, too, has commemorated. It is curious

indeed to note in Byrom's Journal the frequency of discussions on religion, in the miscellaneous society which he frequented—a circumstance which was partly due to the Arian, freethinking, and theologico-metaphysical tone of the current literature of the day. Entries like the following occur frequently in his Diary: "We had a supper of turbot, turkey, sweetbread, rabbit, and dessert of cherries, strawberries, raspberries, a great custard, a mighty fine supper, in short; and then upstairs again to wine, and took punch in bottles. We stayed till past twelve, and then came away. We talked about persecution and prosecution, believing Christianity, original sin, *and they all sung a song*, but I did not, because I could not." And again, "we drank a bottle of French wine, and ate bread and cheese and butter, and took snuff, and he (his entertainer) was pleased to converse upon religious subjects." Byrom's religion, however mystical, was always cheerful, and for Calvinism he had a profound distaste. His many controversial poems are always light and kindly. Men of worth with whom he differed he could respect, and he gave them the go-by, when it was necessary, with an amiable ingenuity. "Mr. Wesley," the Rev. John, he records once in his Diary, "preaches at Moorfields and Kennington on Sunday morning and night; he asked me if he should invite me to come and hear him; Shall I invite you to stay at home? said I. 'No,' said he. Then, says I, don't invite me to come"—an anecdote characteristic of the man.

Whether Byrom made what is vulgarly called a good thing of his short-hand, and his journeys to London to teach it, is not recorded, nor do his biographers date the death of his elder brother, Edward Byrom, "without issue," by which event he is said to have become "owner of the family estate at Kersall," and was enabled to pass the rest of his days in ease and quietness. To judge from various indications in his *Remains*, he seems to have been enjoying his *otium cum dig:* at the time of the rebellion of 1745, when on the successful march as far as Derby, Manchester was said to have been taken for Prince Charles Edward by "a sergeant, a drummer, and a girl." Byrom's Jacobite zeal was still strong, but age had tempered it with discretion, a fact to which we have significant testimony in the diary of his daughter during the occupation of Manchester by the Jacobite forces. On the night of the arrival of the rebels in Manchester, the young lady, who does not conceal her exultation, jots: "my papa took care of me to the Cross, when I saw them all: it is a very fine moonlight night." Another entry is more conclusive as to Byrom's cautious behaviour at this crisis: "my papa and my uncle are gone to consult with Mr. Croxton, Mr. Fielden and others, how to keep themselves out of any scrape, and yet behave civilly," which bespeaks more prudence than ardour. When all was over, and Whig and Jacobite were reduced to a mere war of words, Byrom's pen was so active with squib and pasquinade, that he was dubbed the Poet Laureate of the Jacobites, but even this did not last long, and during most of the remainder of his existence, he led a quiet life, poetizing and studying his favourite theology, his angriest controversy arising over some light metrical banter of Warburton. Byrom indeed seems to have been incapable of harbouring even the *odium theologicum*. His religious feeling, though sincere and fervid, was not very profound, and an inquisitor or a fanatic could never have been made out of the man who handles, though with perfect reverence, the most sacred themes in the metre of "Believe me if all your endearing young charms." Some of his poems of this period were written to be spoken on the annual breaking up of the Free Grammar School of Manchester, and include his version of the "Three Black Crows," and other pieces still, or till very lately, popular in Lancashire. Byrom, too, may be regarded as one of the creators of the vernacular literature of our county;—his "Lancashire Dialogue, occasioned by a clergyman preaching without notes," and another Dialogue, about compelling a person to take the oaths to the government, being among the earliest pieces of note composed in the Lancashire dialect. They are printed in the collective edition of his works, with an English translation at the foot of each page, but Chalmers omits them in his edition of the English poets, "as unintelligible to readers in general!"

Byrom died in ripe old age on the 26th of September, 1763, and was buried in what is now the Byrom Chapel of our Cathedral Church. Many little touches in his Journal, and some even in this slight sketch of him, mark the mighty difference between the Lancashire of his age and of ours. Yet perhaps nothing is more indicative of the gulf between then and now, than a legal document which one circumstance connected with him produced, but which appeared only after his career was closed. It is a direction "to the Constables of the Township of Manchester," from "John Gee Booth, Esquire," one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace, "to levy the sum of five pounds by distress and sale of the goods and chattels" which "John Byrom had at the time of his death," one moiety to go to the poor of the township, the other to the informer. Those who cared for the poet in his last moments had committed the offence, punishable thus, of burying him "in a shirt, shift, sheet or shroud, not made of sheep's wool, contrary to the statute," made when woollen was the staple manufacture of England, and the subsequent rise of King Cotton was unforeseen and unsuspected.

> Odious! in woollen, 'twould a saint provoke,
> Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke.

Had "poor Narcissa" consulted her lawyer, and cared to risk a posthumous penalty of ten pounds, she might have been buried in what material she pleased.

WHIT-SUNDAY AT ST. MARY'S, HULME.

WHATEVER charges may be brought against the Ritualists regarding the pomp and ceremonial of their worship, it must in honesty be supposed that their ultimate purpose is a religious revival. This revival differs in character from those which Wesley, Whitfield, and others sought to bring about, inasmuch as the latter endeavoured to accomplish their ends in a subjective way, that is, by working from inside outwards, while the Ritualists choose the objective form of working from the outside inwards. The religious movements of an evangelical kind were worked by an indifference to art or the aids it might lend in the form of worship. The spirit was preferred to the letter. The Ritualists, on the other hand, seek "to wake the soul by tender strokes of art." After all it is a question whether the new mode of appealing to men's hearts in an æsthetical way is not a natural outcome of the revival in art in this country. Our domestic and public architecture has shown marked signs of improvement, it is therefore not to be wondered at that the luxurious taste which has displayed itself in these directions should also take an ecclesiastical form. The rage in architecture (thanks to Ruskin and Pugin) has run mainly in the direction of gothic, and a mediæval revival of the same. As Mr. Palgrove has pointed out, a beautiful church necessitates a beautiful form of service, and the more elaborate ceremonials are but the results of the elaborate buildings in which they are conducted. We are not disposed here to enquire how far a gothic Cathedral is more conducive to true worship than a plain windowed meeting-house. We are inclined to suppose that the introduction of beautiful forms into worship is but an evidence of increased intellectual culture, and that the question of sincerity is one altogether foreign to the matter. We are thankful to the Ritualists for their efforts to improve church architecture, and leave all other spiritual influences which may result therefrom to their own consciences.

The Church of St. Mary, in Hulme, has the reputation of being what is called "High," or Ritualistic. It is a beautiful specimen of decorated gothic, and is placed in a position where its architectural features may be seen and enjoyed. It is isolated from the surrounding houses, is of noble cathedral-like dimensions, with a lofty spire that lifts its slender height far up towards heaven. The church, the rectory, and the school-house form a group of buildings that it is a pleasure to look upon. The interior of the church is elaborately decorated, and is furnished in a style to suit the most luxurious and fastidious worshipper. The nave has three aisles, divided by lofty arches; the chancel is separated from the nave by beautiful open screen-work, and at the east end, over the altar, is a glorious painted window. This window is worth notice. It is, we believe, the gift of a lady who set aside yearly a sum from her income to defray its cost. It was filled in piecemeal, and is now complete. The giver has conferred a boon upon all future worshippers in the church, and has displayed that spirit of self sacrifice which ennobles art, and sanctifies such a gift. The windows on each side of the chancel are also filled with stained glass, and the other adornments of this part of the church are on a scale approaching the magnificent. Gold and colour have been profusely used in emblazoning on the walls symbols,

legends, and the forms of saints. The walls of the nave are also similarly adorned, but in a lesser degree. Along the lines of the roof, round the arches of the windows and elsewhere, are appropriate scriptural inscriptions. Symbolism is even applied to the brazen gas branches, which break out into trefoil leaves and lights. If outward forms can move even to religious thought, there should be sufficient here to produce a devotional frame of mind. The beautiful blending of colour, the soft light through stained windows, the harmonies of form, and the sense of dignity and grandeur one gets in looking from the tesselated tiles to the lofty arches and open timber roof, where the carved angels peer out of the dim obscurity. All these have a powerful effect upon the senses and the imagination. And we would not say how far they may or may not be essential to pious souls in their devotional exercises. It is possible that

> The sight of lofty fane or storied glass
> May make some holy lesson plainer to the thought.

It may be that to some

> A holy picture, text, or sign,
> Seems like an angel whispering of heaven.

The occasion of our visit was the anniversary of the feast of Pentecost. In accordance with this, flowers were placed on the chancel screen and above the reredos, "the laburnums' dropping gold" mingling with the lilac. Over the chancel screen was the illuminated inscription, "Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire," and on the front of the pulpit was a floral cross. These, with two banners in the chancel, completed the decorations. The congregation was large, and to some extent fashionable, devout and earnest in its decorum, and fervent in its responses. The choir, a large and good one, passed into the chancel at the opening of the service, singing a processional hymn. The service, a little more complicated than usual on account of the day, was well rendered, though the music occasionally was too elaborate for the congregation to join in with ease. The weak point of the service was the reading of the lessons by the curates, to whom we would recommend the injunction in the Prayer Book, that the service shall be read distinctly and with an audible voice. The sermon was preached by the rector, the Rev. F. C. Woodhouse, M.A. It was a plain, sensible discourse, suited to the occasion, and delivered in a clear, emphatic, and gentlemanly manner. Owing to the lengthened service, it was of necessity brief, but it had the advantage of being pointed and concise. Its simplicity impressed us all the more by the contrast with the splendour of the building. Our acquaintance with the Rev. Mr. Woodhouse is limited to this single visit to his church, but we are mistaken if he belongs to the ordinary type of Ritualist preachers. He has, indeed, this resemblance to them, that he is a hard-working pastor among his flock; otherwise, there is nothing in his appearance (if we may dwell on this) which betokens the religious enthusiast. He has a clear, firm, open, and honest countenance, a quiet, gentlemanly demeanour, and, as we have said, a common sense way of saying what he has got to say.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE procession of Sunday-school children which was marched through the streets on Monday was, while pleasant in some respects, a striking confirmation of our position that the class we educate on Sundays is not the class we ought to educate. The comfortable-looking children who took part in the parade were obviously in small need of our assistance. It sounds anomalous to say that the "respectability" of the spectacle was an unpleasant sight, but a second thought is sufficient to convince one that a procession of street-urchins would have been much more satisfactory. It is, no doubt, a good work that Sunday-schools do, but it is a great waste of power. We are turning a treadmill that does comparatively nothing. We have a steam-hammer, and we use it to crack nuts. In other respects, the sight of holiday-makers on Whit Monday is not altogether agreeable. Holidays seem to bring out more bad tempers than any other days. A casual passage through the streets bore one past many an unpleasant display of impatience, altercation, and ill-humour. Moreover, if the crowds of country folks who flock into town at this season only knew how poverty-stricken their poor finery made them look, they would put on their every-day clothes, and both be more comfortable and look better off. Otherwise, Whitweek affords a pleasant sight.

The disgusting pictorial placard which has defaced all London for the last three months has made its appearance on our walls and hoardings. Manchester has now an opportunity of distinguishing itself. It has not unfrequently put the break on a running sensation, and we hope that it will show its good taste and sound judgment on this occasion. Don't let it be said that the sensible city which curbed the vagaries of so influential an aristocrat as Lord Dundreary, has succumbed to the morbid attraction of two unfortunate men tied together by what the *Pall Mall* calls "a very unpleasant-looking band." In the meanwhile, can't the Nuisance Committee do something towards the suppression of this hideous placard—or, at least, towards its mitigation—by pasting corporate notices—By Order: Jos. Heron, Town-clerk—over that "very unpleasant-looking band?"

Dr. John Watts and his fellow-committeemen of the Botanical Society are working wonders at Old Trafford, but there is one department which they seem unaccountably to have overlooked. The refreshments and the refreshment arrangements are simply intolerable. We don't know what may have been the experience of holiday visitors during the present week, but on Saturday last it was impossible to get anything to eat or drink without an ignominious crush and struggle, whilst no provision whatever appears to have been made to meet the requirements of the ladies. To get a simple cup of tea for a lady, we were unceremoniously bandied from pillar to post, and from one tent to another; and when, at length, we reached the right place, we were informed that we could only be served with "a shilling tea"—the said "shilling tea" comprising thick hunches of bread and butter, a monster cup of liquid, and a huge pile of undressed salad—in short, the traditional "tea" of Belle Vue Gardens. There was quantity, no doubt, and to spare; but we fancy that some attention to quality and congruity would be better appreciated by the visitors to a fashionable flower show.

A new burlesque, entitled *Brown among the Brahmins*, is announced at the Royal. It is a very smart addition to the melancholy burlesque literature of the day, written by Mr. Reece—a gentleman who has only recently been admitted into the noble army of writers for the stage—and it certainly is an argument in favour of extending the limits of that select body. It is lively, witty, humourous, and has an intelligible plot. Though completely packed with puns, it nevertheless makes you laugh. In a sentence, it is not a senseless parody of an opera, but a funny story of itself. Brown gets engaged to a Brahmin princess, who wants someone else, and therefore pretends death; whereupon Brown is informed that he must be buried with her—a proceeding which Brown objects to, upon various grounds, and when (by a funereal bell) impatient Brahma calls, desires that he may call again. Brahma declines, however; whereupon poor Brown takes an affecting leave of all the public statues, and submits himself to a fate which he generously offers to give up to anybody who would like it, "for glory's sake." The princess comes to life again, and Brown expresses his rejoicing in a song. Mr. Clarke's admirable burlesque of grief and terror and desperation has kept the piece running for a long time at the New Globe Theatre, London. Here, the part of Brown is played by Mr. Harry Thompson.

The *Daily News*, in its protest against the modern burlesque, has not spoken a moment too soon. On the whole, Mr. Reece keeps his *Brown and the Brahmins* within the limits of legitimate burlesque. The plot is his own, and he does not offend either by travestying some noble work, or attempting to degrade a great historical character. Others have done so of late; and the evil appears to be increasing. One of the most recent outrages has been perpetrated by Mr. William Brough, pantomime writer in ordinary to our Prince's Theatre, who has taken for the subject of a burlesque the heroic and touching story of Joan of Arc. Even he, however, appears to have been outrivalled by an American, a Mr. Cooper de Leon, who has actually had the effrontery to burlesque *Hamlet*, and glories in his shame. We are told that the piece has been produced, "with success," at the Mobile Theatre; that it is likely to be acted in New York; that it "abounds with good songs and sharp hits;" and that the representative of the Ghost "made a decided hit." Bad

as this is, it is melancholy to note that the newspaper—a high-class New York journal—from which we glean this intelligence, records it without a single word indicative of resentment or condemnation.

Another preposterous verdict is recorded in the papers. An Indian officer, who would go pottering about a P. and O. steamer, where he wasn't wanted, tumbled down a hole and hurt himself. A stupid jury, unable to see in this righteous retribution a direct intervention of providence, gave the injured officer £3,750. These shameful verdicts fortunately often neutralise their own extravagance, as their conspicuous injustice renders a new trial almost a matter of course. But is it not outrageous that, because a man tumbles down a hole, the P. and O. Steam-company should be charged £3,750? If this sort of thing goes on much longer, trial by jury will have to be bundled out of the way as a lumbering old institution that has had its day.

THE STOWELL CHURCH.

FRIDAY, the 14th, witnessed the consecration of the Stowell Memorial Church, Regent Road, and also added one more to the already too-full list of our gingerbread Gothic churches. The ceremony was quite worthy of the occasion, being performed with the usual amount of slovenly indecency usual in this diocese. No efforts were spared, either by the Bishop or his Registrar, Mr. Burder, or, indeed, any of the officiating clergy, to render the consecration service as devoid of beauty and meaning as possible. To attempt to describe such a service would be simply impossible. Suffice it to say, that the great man of the day was Mr. Burder, and that he, and Canon Richson, and the Rev. T. A. Stowell kept perpetually "booing" to the Bishop, and, in fact, doing everything good taste should have prevented them from doing. As a matter of course, surplices were forbidden, and the hideous black gown reigned triumphant. The Bishop and Mr. Stowell were the only persons with a particle of white about them. The chancel, plain and ugly as it is, was rendered even plainer and more ugly by being crammed with four rows of unusually common-looking choristers.

The prayers were read by Mr. Stowell, and he, too, seemed determined to do his best to add to the incongruity of the service. His voice—an admirable one for intoning—was made to put on a *semi-vibrato*, and for about half a minute the effect, especially in a pathetic portion of a prayer, was not unpleasing. When, however, it was evident that it was merely an assumed effect, it at once degenerated into vulgarity. That it was assumed, and not the symptom of feeling, was demonstrated beyond doubt when the rev. gentleman gave out the hymns in precisely the same style in which, just before, he had been so fervently praying.

We must enter a fervent protest against such meaningless and uncomely services as those yclept "consecrations" in this diocese. If Mr. Stowell might wear a surplice why might not all the other clergy have been allowed to do the same? Why might not the ministers, if only for a day, have been likewise arrayed in white? Why could not the irrepressible Mr. Registrar be made to understand that chancels are for clerics and not for lawyers? Why could not everybody be told that "booing" is not allowed in church, and that the Bishop is too old a bird to be caught with such chaff? It is not edifying to a congregation to see a continual running backwards and forwards, and bowing and scraping kept up while service is going on. We all know what the Bishop thinks of his clergy, and we know too what the clergy think of their Bishop; so the farce of this obsequiousness is the more apparent.

To turn from the ceremony to the church, we are sorry to say we cannot give it a good word. Gingerbread exactly describes it, though for the same money we have seen very effective and useful churches erected. St. Stowell's is a combination of all the defects, with very few of the few excellencies to be found in the various churches which have emanated from the same architectural workshop. There is not a single original or artistic feature about it. Where originality has been aimed at, ugliness or mere eccentricity has been the result. Age brings a certain charm to most churches, but St. Stowell's will only grow more common-place every day. Frequent coats of white-wash will be necessary to keep it wholesome looking, and as a consequence, the future congregation will be bothered with frequent appeals for the "beautifying and cleansing of our church" Had the money wasted on superfluities been only expended on solidity, these complaints might have been groundless. Flimsiness is the god our architects love to worship, and foolish committees love to encourage this devotion.

Do any of our readers ever visit Masbro'? If they do, let us beg of them to take a peep at a church there, close to the station. Externally it is rather plain, but yet noble-looking. Internally no church in our city or district will bear comparison with it, yet this church, though larger than St. Stowell's, cost far less.

AT THE FLOWER SHOW.

AMONGST the many visitors at the Botanical Gardens on the opening day of the great Flower Show, there was one whose presence might have been very well dispensed with, we mean the East Wind. A raw, biting, unmistakable east wind it was too; a wind which raised the dust outside in dense irritating clothes-defiling clouds, and blew across the lawn, ruffling the ladies' dresses, and making the promenaders of both sexes wish most devoutly that they had dressed for March rather than May. A thin muslin dress, a *fichu* (we believe we have got hold of the right word), and a few square inches of lace and flowers, called by courtesy a bonnet, with a sort of apology for strings falling a foot below the chin,—this was the style of costume which the east wind made merry with on Friday; and if more than a few colds were not caught that afternoon, because ladies would not be prudent and consult the weather rather than the goddess Fashion, why, we are very much mistaken. But after all, it is no affair of ours; and indeed, have we not to confess to a like folly ourselves? Did we not bitterly repent us for not having cased our critical person in a great coat? Did we not rush at last to the Refreshment Hut (we scarcely know what to call it), with our teeth chattering and our blood at a temperature several degrees below zero, and restore the circulation by a beverage spirituous, and of course, unmentionable? Let us drop a discreet veil over the matter of rashness, and declare that the wind would have found its way through a Canadian fur coat.

We have mentioned this unwelcome visitor for two special reasons, besides criticising unseasonable dresses. First, is any body, any local board, any committee, responsible for the watering of the roads about Old Trafford? If so, why did not he, or they, take care that the said roads were duly watered, and in proper time, before the crowd of visitors began to arrive? The wind did not come in a moment. It gave timely notice in the morning of its intention to make a day of it. The dust lay thick upon the roads, ready to be blown about. And yet, as we walked up to the gardens, at 3 p.m., one hour after the Flower Show was opened, the water carts seemed only just to have come out, while, beyond the Old Trafford toll-bar, the dust was almost unbearable. We can only suppose that red-tape rides rampant over the parish of Stretford, so that there is one fixed hour for the drivers of the water-carts to begin work—be there dust or no dust—whether an extra number of carriages and people is likely to come along the road, or only the ordinary number.

Then, secondly, note the following, which we found in our dear old orthodox *Courier* the very next morning, and immediately scissored out as a literary curiosity:—

Fair weather is the one thing needed for the success of a flower show, provided the show itself is what it should be. The directors of the Botanical Gardens had the good fortune yesterday to open one of the

best exhibitions ever held at Old Trafford, to a glorious company of visitors, whose enjoyment was made complete by the kindness of the elements.

We protest. As one of the "glorious company of visitors," we protest indignantly. We have always considered it a sign of youth for a person not to know that he has a liver, or to be delightfully ignorant on the subject of corns or rheumatism, or any of the ills to which mature flesh is subject; but how young beyond all youth must that man be, who walks about in a bleak east wind, and yet does not know it,—nay, rather enjoys it than otherwise, and gratefully declares, on behalf of himself and the rest of mankind present on the occasion, that their "enjoyment was made complete by the kindness of the elements!"

On Saturday, the wind, though just as strong, nay rather more so, was nevertheless warmer, and the sun came out. On Friday, his rays seemed blown away, and there was a dull leaden sky, which made parasols, what perhaps they were meant to be, mere ornaments; as for instance in the case of one lady, whose sun-shade was covered with swan's down and lace, and had suspended from the top a butterfly wrought in gorgeous colours. On Saturday, however, there was cheery sunshine, and the wind was bearable. Outside the gardens, the dust was even worse than on the Friday, and the water-carts again conspicuous by their absence. The crowd of visitors was literally immense. We never remember to have seen so many people in the gardens before; except several years ago, in Whit-week, when Sunday shools were admitted at the rate of one penny per head. Some idea of the numbers present may be formed from the fact that more than £300 was taken, in half-crowns, at the gate. In other words, upwards of 2,400 people paid for admittance. To this number must be added somewhere about a thousand subscribers who were present. On the day before,—the half-guinea day,—about sixty-five guineas were taken at the gate; a fact most extraordinary when it is remembered that for the sum of one guinea, a man may attend every promenade and flower show for a whole year. More than one hundred new subscribers enrolled their names and paid their guineas, it appears, this Friday. More than four hundred and sixty-five guineas, therefore, according to this calculation, must have been added to the funds of the Manchester Botanical Society, during these two days. Of course, per contra, we must not forget the £1,000 given in prizes, nor the expenses attendant on the erection of tents and other preparations. Still the gardens seem to be steadily progressing in popularity and funds, and we trust we shall see the day, and that very soon, when the debt, which exclusiveness and bad management brought upon them, shall be wiped off, and shares cease to be a laughing-stock and delusion. Cannot some of our rich flower-lovers hasten this (to use our *Courier's* word) "glorious" era? However, it is something to know that, spite of east wind, more money was taken on Friday and Saturday, than on the two corresponding days of the National Horticultural Show last year. On that occasion £52. 10s. were paid in half-guineas on the Friday, and £281. in half-crowns on the Saturday.

We are somewhat puzzled to know why, this year, there should have been two military bands on the half-crown day, and only one on the aristocratic half-guinea Friday. Also, why Mr. Jennison could not have made his hut, or booth, or whatever it ought to be called, a little larger while he was about it. The crush was fearful, especially on the Saturday. To get near the counter, and procure the required ice or Bass, was a task necessitating patience and energy in no small degree. Speaking of ices, we *do* know of one well-authenticated case of an ice having been consumed on Friday,—but speak not of it! The idea is too awful! There was another refreshment shed close to the old Art Treasures Exhibition gate; but it seemed to be devoted solely to the use of gentlemen, who smoked there in safety, hidden from female view.

We have been spoiled, we are forced to own it, spoiled by too much pleasing, spoiled by the flower shows of the last year or two, and especially by the National Horticultural Show of 1868. We even venture to draw what Mrs. Malaprop would call "odorous" comparisons between that exhibition and the present one. It is allowed that there are fewer entries this year; and we cannot help thinking that, in the case of some of the flowers, especially the Azaleas, there is a falling off in quality as well as quantity. Then again, last year, there was a canvas covering, and a continuous bank of flowers (roses if we remember rightly), between the entrance to the exhibition house, and the tent by its side. This year, the tent is as it were, cut off, and stands by itself. Also it looks but sparely filled, although we are aware that it takes a great number of wild flowers and pelargoniums to make any show at all.

A truce to criticism. Come up the high bank which overlooks the jelly-moulds, the pyramids of nature's gems; and struggling your way through that worst of all crowds to struggle through, viz.: a fashionable crowd, look down the long tent, and grow eloquent with admiration, if you have any taste at all for the beautiful. Then go and shake Mr. Findley by the hand, as he stands gazing in his usual quiet manner, on the scene which his skill and labour have helped so largely to create, and thank him, as we too do most heartily, for what he has done in the cause of horticulture and the Botanical Gardens, Old Trafford.

THE DERBY.

LET not our readers be alarmed! We are not going to add another to the numerous effusions which will be devoted for the next few days to predicting which horse is likely to win the Derby at Epsom. Neither are we about to lift up a voice of fiery indignation against the turf and horse racing, contaminated and tarnished as the national sport is with numerous abuses. That it should be hedged about with legal limits for the prevention of wholesale gambling we have already and often asserted, but that the owner of a racehorse who can afford to lose his money, if he chooses, should not be allowed to back it, we should as soon think of inveighing against as we should feel disposed to condemn a merchant, who, having convinced himself, from the best information obtainable, that prices are likely to drop, sells as much as he can to his neighbour in consequence. Horse racing is open to many abuses. So is commerce, which is disgraced by lying, cheating, and swindling; and nobody would advocate the abolition of the Church as a human institution because there are some black sheep within its pale. So long as English pastures exist, so long will racehorses be bred, and when they *are* bred, they will be raced and hunted. Without the stimulant of racing it is very doubtful if good hunters could be bred, and hunting has become almost a necessity as a recreation for over-worked legislators, lawyers, and professional men. And yet, to a being from another sphere, it might seem a singular custom for gentlemen to dress themselves in pink coats and go tearing across country on horseback, after a little animal which leaves a disagreeable odour behind it when pursued by dogs.

When it was announced, some time ago, that there was a probability of there being no Derby race this year, owing to a portion of the course having been sold to a gentleman who declined to let it for the purpose, except on terms which the Epsom Grand Stand Committee considered were too exorbitant, there was consternation in sporting circles. "What! no Derby?—then is doomsday near," was the despairing ejaculation of many. "No Derby? impossible! Disestablish the Church. Decapitate the Bishops. Repeal the Union. Pay the sum total of Sumner's Alabama claims—anything, everything, but leave, oh! leave us our Derby." Happily such a dreadful con-

tingency has been averted, and what sporting characters consider the event of the year will come off as usual. As the day approaches, the interest increases. Sporting writers wax lengthy, if not eloquent. Touts and tipsters ply their vocation with increased assiduity. The newspapers are filled with advertisements, kindly furnishing us with winners for a consideration of twelve postage stamps. The betting man thinks horse, talks horse, dreams horse, actually becomes assimilated to the animal, and grows like a horse about the head and legs. Thomas-street once more gets into a ferment, and the sporting taverns reap a rich harvest. The telegraph offices are besieged, and keep sending perpetual messages in mysterious cipher. There is bustle at the back of the Post-office, and the al-fresco Sunday evening gatherings of the closely-shaven gentlemen at the junction of Barnes Street and Market Street increase in attendance. Likewise does the circulation of the *Sportsman*, *Bell's Life*, and other papers of that class, largely increase. The street vendors shout more vigorously than ever. "Mary," at the Exchange window, is nearly buried in her stock of newspapers, and has the winner this time as great a certainty as when she predicted Hermit two years since. As Whit-week and the Manchester meeting this year precede the Derby (a most unusual occurrence), for the next seven days we shall have more than the usual horse-talk. At this season the very air seems impregnated with racing slang. Omnibus drivers look important with stable secrets. Staid, quiet-looking men may be noticed stealthily paying surreptitious visits to betting resorts. The print-sellers' shop windows are suddenly filled with racing plates. The flower in the button-hole of Mr. Elias Levy, the sporting tailor's coat, seems to bloom with more than its usual effulgence. Mr. John Greaves, the Pontefract giant, is to be seen about Market Street, with his head and shoulders nearly on a level with the street lamps. A decorator in Deansgate is equal to the occasion, and comes out with the most astounding sporting paper-hangings. Now is the time when mysterious and shady individuals take you aside, solemnly ask you, "What are you on?" tell you in husky whispers, not entirely unassociated with an aroma of gin and bitters, to put a trifle on So and So, that Belladrum is a "stiff 'un," or that his winning is "a moral;" that Pretender is certain to "walk in;" that Pero Gomez cannot go down a hill; and that Belladrum can't get up one; that something is wrong with Martyrdom's hocks; that another horse's fetlock joints are too straight, and sundry other gratuitous and valuable information.

Although, happily, the scandal which occurred with Lady Elizabeth and the Earl is not likely to be repeated in 1869, the event of this year has not been without its sensational accompaniments, chiefly in connection with Mr. Merry's horse, Belladrum. Mr. Merry has won the race once with Thormanby, and been second with Dundee and Marksman, and third with Buckstone and Scottish Chief. This year his horse has been persistently laid against at all manner of prices and for fabulous sums, and has been as persistently backed by the public. It was a general impression in racing circles, up to the race for the Two Thousand Guineas, that something was the matter with Belladrum, but the result of that race, in which he ran second, and might possibly have been first had he not overpowered his boy jockey, dispelled all such notions. At the present moment he is a great favourite. Some good judges, however, say that Pretender, the Two Thousand winner, will beat him again. Should he win, Mr. Merry's victory would be very popular, as he is a most straightforward sportsman.

It seems to be accepted as a foregone conclusion by all the sporting authorities, that the issue of the Derby this year is confined to the three favourites—Pretender, Pero Gomez, and Belladrum. After some of the surprises, however, which have occurred on former occasions, one need scarcely be astonished at anything. Another Hermit may turn up to upset the most knowing calculations.

HOLIDAYS.

THE philosophy of holidays is not at all studied or appreciated in this neighbourhood. Servants try and screw as many as possible out of their masters, and masters try and allow themselves to be screwed out of as few as possible. There is no recognised principle in the matter which both sides generously strive to maintain. As Whitsuntide approaches, the editors of all the local papers are made the *confidantes* of a crowd of injured warehousemen, oppressed with the idea that every house in the trade is going to close but theirs, and that nothing short of public pressure will induce their special tyrants to put their shutters up. There is some truth in these misgivings and complaints; and taking them as a text, this is a fitting season to inquire a little into the philosophy of holidays.

There can be no doubt that masters are too fond of thinking that holidays come out of their pockets, and begrudge them even when there is no work to be done. Remembering the disgracefully long hours during which they were kept at work in their own time, they are accustomed to regard their servants' comparatively short hours now with something of spite, and are averse to lightening their labours any more. The tyrannical instinct, which exists—awake or dormant—to some extent in every master's bosom, comes in at the juncture, and inclines him to an exercise of authority simply for the sake of exercising it. This attribute, which reaches its greatest stage of development in the conventional treatment of household servants by their mistresses, is a source of strong temptation to a master, and indeed must ever be so, since it requires a great man to be meek under authority; and the majority of masters are not by any means great men—except, perhaps, in their own estimations. Again, the strongest influence of all is an old-fashioned notion which is wonderfully prevalent and powerful, and which we admit has done good service in its day, but which we maintain is founded on an utterly false bottom, and is rotten at the core. It is the widespread idea that work is a good thing in itself, and that holidays and short hours are "unbusiness-like." This, we contend, is a false, old-fashioned, out-of-date notion, unworthy of the present generation. We quite feel that this Spartan severity—firmly imbedded in the tone of thought in this district as it has been—is a wholesome evil, and has been the backbone of our commercial prosperity, and has done much towards giving to our neighbourhood that healthy business morality which lately distinguished it; but we still maintain that the idea is false. It is no argument to say that looser notions have set in of recent years, and our morality has gone; because, even supposing that the latter sad truth is the consequence of the former happy one—which it certainly is not—it does not follow that a principle is wrong because it indirectly leads to disastrous results. Thus, no doubt, the fall of nations is occasioned by effeminacy induced by luxury, yet no one can maintain that luxuries are anything but blessings. The fall is the natural, but not necessary, result of the luxury; and principles are only responsible for their necessary consequences. Thus, though we must admit that indolence and decadence are too apt to follow from a relaxation of the stern belief in labour for the sake of labour, the belief itself is wrong. The only true end of labour is to get the means of leisure: work for its own sake is as unworthy as for the sake of what results from it it is worthy. This is a lesson all wealth has to learn, but which it seldom learns without degenerating into sloth and immorality.

Nevertheless, the lesson is a true one. Leisure is life: labour is only the means of living: and we were set here to live. The copy-book maxim requires alteration; working too much, not eating, is the vice of the present day. It should run thus: Labour to Live, Don't Live to Labour. No saw more wants committing to memory and putting into practice. We assert a melancholy fact when we say that not a quarter of the people alive live at all. They work, work, work, the whole day long; they are obliged to spend the evening in simple rest; the night they want for sleep. They have no time to live. They don't live; and what is more, they couldn't if they had time. They don't know how. If they have a holiday forced upon them, they curl themselves up on the sofa, and snooze it away. They have not studied the philosophy of living. Nobody has. No one has discovered how to make the most of life—how to get the most out of it. People say everthing's found out, used up, and exhausted nowadays. Nevertheless, there is room for a greater than Columbus yet. There is no more melancholy thought the mind can entertain than that of how the greater portion of mankind don't live. Look at your own life, and the lives of all your friends. What barren things they are! What automatic phenomena!

The world goes at such a pace—men are so much measured by money—women are so extravagant—establishments are so luxurious—entertainments are so gorgeous—amusements are so costly—and living is so generally extravagant—that we have to grind our very flesh away to keep our places in society. We cannot afford to enjoy ourselves. We work like slaves, and we get next to no enjoyment out of our work.

What man is not ashamed of having a small income? What woman will dress herself inexpensively? Who will tolerate a small house? Who dare give a dance without a splendid supper? What manager—always excepting Mr. Knowles—dare produce a play without sumptuous scenery? What folly it all is! We might get more pleasure out of the same things economically managed ten times over. Everything is too expensive. Take only three small things: sumptuous suppers at dances ought to be done away with; prices of admission to all entertainments should be lowered one-half; and gloves ought either to be abolished altogether, or a universal strike ought to bring the unconscionable swindlers who sell them to some slight approach towards decency and reason. Our towns are laid out wrong. There ought to be trees, music, promenades, and places of public resort. Men don't know how to enjoy themselves. They won't learn. They refuse to see that little happinesses are all that make life worth having.

We work too hard, and we work too long. The work that now keeps warehousemen from nine till six needn't keep them from ten till four. It only wants management and system. As for holidays, they might be trebled with advantage. But most of all—and this would be most enjoyable of all—labour and pleasure ought to be blended. Manchester men look at business from a fundamentally wrong point of view: they regard their business as the great pursuit of their lives, and look upon all other things as merely complements. It is a pernicious error. They ought to consider their business as a small part of their life, to be transacted as pleasantly and cut as short as possible. There is no earthly reason why sociable conversation, reading a newspaper, or even smoking a cigar, in the intervals of labour, should be considered "unbusiness-like." The word is an antiquated remnant of old commercial priggism. But the spirit of which it is the expression has too strong a hold upon the men of Manchester for any such desirable consummation to be brought about. We hope all servants may obtain their Whitsun holiday, and shorter working hours in the near future. Alas! there is no need for long ones now, and it would seem as though there never would be again. But if there never is, it will serve us almost right to have no labour in the future, for having so neglected leisure in the past.

A GOOD SAMARITAN.

Of humbugs, since the world began,
The most obnoxious is the man
    Who scraps of Scripture talks,
Whose deeds his words upset,
And whom you cannot get
    To walk his chalks;
Whose conversations like a book
For children, in which pains are took
    To tell a little tale—
    As virtuous as stale—
    With a moral at the end,
    Their infantine minds to mend,
With the tale as much connected
As are Poems when Selected.

He is such an anomaly
    That, acting like the rogue
    Of moral apologue,
He talks to you a homily;
Nor would with curates fear he odds,
    But their company enjoy—
    Like the story-book Good-Boy,
Who speaks in rounded periods.

Mine Host was such a sort of man
Who kept the *Good Samaritan;*
    So 'twill be understood,
    He neither would nor could
Put up with the profane designs
Of ordinary ale-house signs,
    Which picture, on daubed wood,
    A scarlet cow,
    Mauve tiger, or cerulean sow;
But, thinking it more sainted,
He had the Bible painted
    O'er his grotto,
    And this motto—

Which, of sacred things, the maiden
    At the bar declared the best:
Enter, all ye heavy-laden!
    I will give ye rest.

For, though the landlord did behave,
Indubitably, like a knave,
    He almost could rehearse
    The Gospel verse by verse—
Like those who all its saws receive,
    Demurring not to one of them;
But, though they all of them believe,
    —— act up to none of them!

One night—'twas nine o'clock or more—
A traveller approached the door.
Mine host came forth, and welcomed him
    With half a page of Luke:
And as the portico was dim,
    His hand he took (and shook:
    Civility doth pay)
    And pointed out the way.
    The stranger, he
    Soon had his tea—
    Hot toast, and ham, and eggs—
    And stretching out his legs
Upon a chair, that came in handy—
Or rather, leggy—ordered brandy.

The quantity was right enough,
But oh, it was such feeble stuff,
    He rang the bell, and called his host;
    Who quoted, in defence, a most
Religious extract from the Sermon
On the Mount, which he stood firm on.
    "Thus, sir," said he, "did Jesus speak:
    In spirit blessed are the meek.
"You see I am by Holy Writ
"Enjoined to let it down a bit;
    "But that I may avoid
    My guests being annoyed,
"To customers who come to tea
"I always furnish spirits free."
Exclaimed the stranger, "By the mass,
"Then, send me up another glass!"

The traveller, thus, fared not ill;
But in the morn, his little bill
    Was so outrageous in amount,
    He swore 'twas not a fair account;
And on it passed too strong a stricture
To be appeased by texts from Scripture.
The guest roared in his landlord's ears—
    As though he wished to bite 'em:
"*Three shillings* for *Three bitter beers!*—
    "And then again, this item:
"*Two brandies—Nothing*, you have down;
"But then, *Hot water—Half-a-crown!*"

"My very dear sir," said the landlord,
As patronising as a grand lord,
    "I do not wish your bringing-up to libel,
    "But if you were familiar with your Bible
"As are my little sons and daughter,
    "You would know, thus spake the Lord:
"*He who gives a cup of water*
    "*Shall not be without reward.*
    "And though it may seem queer
    "To charge so much for beer,
"And other liquids in proportion,
    "Dear sir, upon my soul,
    "My conduct has this goal—
"That men strong liquors may the more shun.
"And I will wager you a guinea
    "The Bible holds it good
"In me to have got all the money
    "Out of you I could."

"Done!" cried the guest, too quickly far.
Rejoined the landlord, "done you are!"
And he was: the Gospel-ranger
    Did his wager win:
"Sir," said he, "you were *a stranger*,
    "And I *took you in!*"

SUNDAY SCHOOLS & WHIT-WEEK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

Sir,—Grant me space for a few ideas that have arisen in my mind from a perusal of your article on Sunday schools. I take the questions in the order you have given them.

1 and 2. "Have Sunday schools done anything like the work they were first intended to do? Have godly and well instructed fathers and mothers multiplied in the land? If so, why do they send their children to Sunday schools? "I answer: Sunday schools may or may not have done the work for which they were established. The same may be said of churches and chapels. Even if they have in some measure failed, that is no reason for their destruction. As much might be written in this vein against churches and chapels.

3. As to the Sunday school system shifting the responsibility of training children from the parent to the Sunday school teacher. The argument used is a very old one. It is generally the one brought forward by idle, selfish people, to excuse their own short-comings. People have been going to church and chapel for *more* than fifty years. They should therefore have learnt all about religion that is useful, and should be able to teach their children all about it at home. *Ergo*, the going to Church of the children of the middle classes is absurd. Every middle-class house should be a church in itself, the master thereof should be the parson, and the wife the churchwarden.

4. The picture here is not overdrawn by any-means. Such scenes may be viewed by hundreds. Parents *ought* to act differently, but they don't in many cases, and, it is to be feared, never will. I know of many such cases, and am sure that if the Sunday school with which I am connected had not been in existence the children of such people, instead of growing up estimable members of society, would now have been little better than outcasts. If the parents of the working class would only have done their duty to their children, should we ever have required a factory law to compel them to send the said children to the day-school?

5. Sunday schools, I should say, are, as a rule, kept up *mainly* for the benefit of the children of the working class. The presence of middle class children, is, according to my experience, very exceptional. Their pride will generally prevent much mixing with the lower orders. Still, if they like to come, I would not hinder their doing so.

6 to 10. I quite agree with the ideas expressed in all these paragraphs. The Manchester Whitsuntide system is, in my opinion, most absurd. I consider it wrong in principle. The excursion system is fraught with danger, and is indefensible at the present day, according to my views. At the very unorthodox Sunday school with which I am connected, we have no excursions whatever. Our Whitsuntide revelry is confined always to Whit Friday, and comes off either in a large field adjoining the school, or, if the weather be unfavourable, in the school itself. Some portion of the expense is defrayed by the scholars themselves, and, if the managers required it, there can be no doubt but that the scholars would contribute the whole of the needed funds themselves.

I think there are the germs of great good to society in the system of Sunday schools. Many of these institutions are, doubtless, very badly managed, and many false principles have crept into them. Can any human institution be pointed out, of which the like cannot, with equal truth, be said? The Press, for instance, has been going many years. How many thousands of leaders are yearly issued in the columns of the newspapers? Have they had the effect of purging England of its vice, its dishonesty, its humbug? Alas, we know nothing of the kind has resulted. Shall we then, and therefore, abolish editors and leading articles? Let us see: what was that old school recitation, which had in it, "Alexander, a robber; let me reflect—?"—Yours truly,

Bolton, May 17, 1869. A TEACHER.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor, *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford Street, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

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CARLYLE'S FIRST DAYS IN LONDON.

FROM a recently-published memoir of Sir William Hamilton, by Professor Veitch, we extract the following characteristic letter of Carlyle's, addressed to Sir William, from Chelsea, under date 4th July, 1834:—

My dear Sir,—The hope of ever seeing you at Craigenputtock has now vanished into the infinite limbo. We have broken up our old settlement, and, after tumult enough, formed a new one here, under the most opposite conditions. From the ever silent whinstones of Nithsdale to the mudrattling pavements of Piccadilly there is but a step. I feel it the strangest transition; but one uses himself to all. Our upholsterers, with all their rubbish and clippings, are at length handsomely swept out of doors. I have my little book-press set up, my table fixed firm in its place, and sit here awaiting what time and I, in our questionable wrestle, shall make out between us. The house pleases us much; it is in the remnant of genuine *old* Dutch-looking Chelsea; looks out mainly into trees. We might see at half a mile's distance Bolingbroke's Battersea; could shoot a gun into Smollett's old house (at this very time getting pulled down), where he wrote *Count Fathom*, and was wont every Saturday to dine a company of hungry authors, and then set them fighting together. Don Saltero's coffee-house still looks as brisk as in Steele's time; Nell Gwynn's boudoir, still bearing her name, has become a gin-temple, not inappropriately; in fine Erasmus lodged with More (they say) in a spot not 500 yards from this. We are encompassed with a cloud of witnesses, good, bad, indifferent. Of London itself I must not begin to speak. I wish you would come and look at it with me. There is a square bed here, ample room and verge enough; and, for welcome, I wish you would understand that to be for you infallible at all times. Literature seems dying of thin diet and flatulence, but it is not quite so near dead as I had calculated. In all human things there is the strangest vitality. Who knows how long even booksellling may last? Even, too, among these mad maelstroms swims some little casket that *will* not sink. God mend it! Mrs——often speaks of you, but seems to have no recent news. She has got much deeper into the vortex than when I saw her last; dines with Chancellors; seems to sit berattled all day with the sound of door-knockers and carriage wheels, and the melody of drawing-room common place, perennial as that of the spheres; for the rest, a most lovable woman, to whom I could wish a better element. There is some uncertain talk here about founding a new periodical, on another than the bibliopolic principle, with intent to show Liberalism under a better than its present rather sooty and and gin-shop aspect. I was asked whether your co-operation might be possible. I answered, Possible. If it go on, you will let me write to you further about it. Meanwhile, I am actually going to write a book, and perhaps publish a booklet already written: the former is my enterprise till perhaps spring next. Wish me well through it.

A REMINISCENCE OF LORD BYRON.

A New court-house is in course of erection at Banff. To make room for the new building, an old house, for some time unoccupied, is to be removed. This dwelling says a local journal, possesses some interest, inasmuch as it is known to have been the residence, during part of his boyhood, of the poet Byron. The house was occupied by Mrs. Gordon of Gight, Byron's great-grandmother, who is yet well remembered, and who was locally known as Lady Gight. With her there lived an unmarried daughter, a sister of Mrs. Byron's father. Moore in his memoir says, during the first ten years of his life the poet and his mother "occasionally made visits among their friends, passing some time at Fetteresso, the seat of his godfather, Colonel Duff, and also at Banff, where some near connections of Mrs. Byron resided." It is known here that the poet, besides these "occasional visits" to Banff, spent at one period nearly a whole year in the place, living with his mother and her grandmother, and his mother's aunt, in the house now in process of demolition. The father of the poet was also an occasional visitor, and is remembered, but, says our informant, "for no good." Byron's nurse, May Gray, who could manage him when his mother's influence failed, was, we are told, a native of Banff. Moore mentions of her that she taught the poet, while yet an infant, a great number of Psalms, the 1st and 23rd being, as with most Scotch children, the earliest he committed to memory, and "out of which," says Professor Wilson, "there arose, long afterwards, the *Hebrew Melodies*; but for them they would never have been written, though Byron had studied Lowth on the sacred poetry of the Hebrews all his life." Byron was warmly attached to his nurse, and when she left, presented her with his watch. The house in which the poet lived when in Banff, and the taking down of which recalls these reminiscences, is a large old-fashioned block of building, with long narrow windows. It stands in the best part of the town, and has on the south and west a piece of garden ground, with some fruit trees, a fine old elm, and a rare double-flowering scarlet hawthorn, also an old tree.

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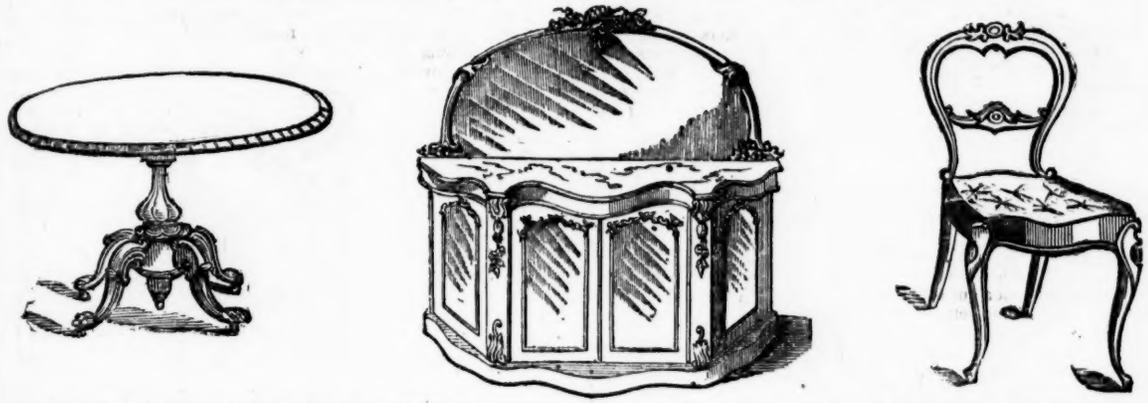

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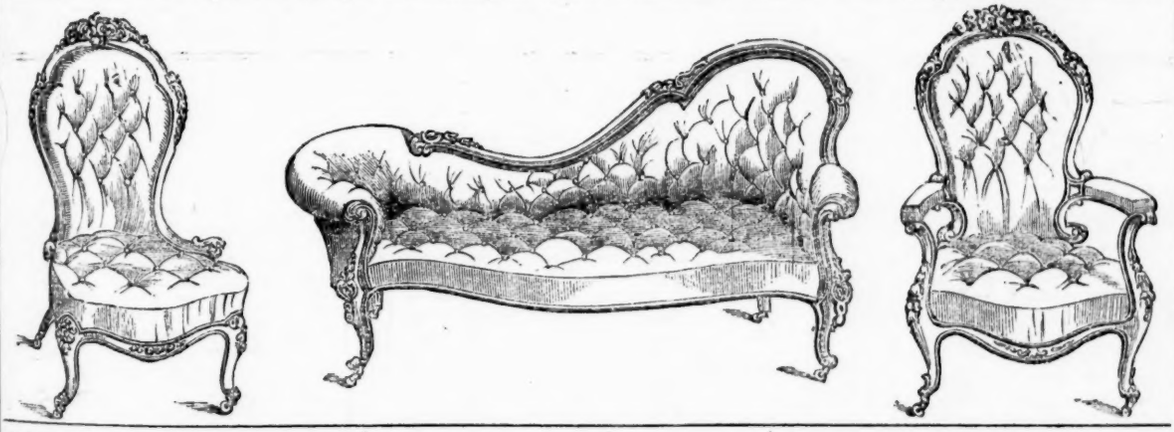

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